And the Kings rowſe the heaven ſhall bruit againe,
Reſpeaking earthly thunder: Come away. *Flouriſh, Exeunt all*
Ham. O that this too too ſallied fleſh would melt, *but Hamlet.*
Thaw and reſolve it ſelfe into a dew,
Or that the everlaſting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainſt ſelfe ſlaughter! O God, God,
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable
Seeme to me all the uſes of this World?
Fie on't, ah fie, 'tis an unweeded Garden,
That growes to ſeed; things rank & groſſe in nature
Poſſeſſe it meerly: that it ſhould come thus,
But two moneths dead, nay not ſo much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyre, ſo loving to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the windes of heaven
Viſit her face too roughly: heaven and earth
Muſt I remember, why ſhe ſhould hang on him,
As if increaſe of appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a moneth,
Let me not thinke on't, frailty thy name is woman,
A little moneth: Or ere thoſe ſhooes were old,
With which ſhe followed my poore fathers body,
Like *Niobe* all teares, why ſhe,
O God! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon
Would have mourn'd longer, married with my uncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Than I to *Hercules*; within a moneth,
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous teares
Had left the fluſhing in her galled eyes,
She married. Oh moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets;
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo.

Hora. Haile to your Lordſhip.
Ham. I am glad to ſee you well; *Horatio*, or I doe forget my ſelfe.
Hora. The ſame my Lord, and your poore ſervant ever.
Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you;

And